

A Land of Old New York

(Original.)
In the olden time when New York was New Amsterdam there was a fort where the Dutch and beautiful customs of the olden days were kept. On a little street near the fort lived a Dutch boy named Ten Broek, whose daughter Anneke was one of the belles of the town. In those days in New Amsterdam every merchant lived over his store, and those who practiced a trade had their shops in the street. The lower story of Ten Broek's house was wide enough to take in his rats without discommoding the family.

One day when there was a fire on what is now Broad street, where the bulls and bears daily devour the lambs in the stock market, Anneke saw a young man of her acquaintance, Wouter Bloer, in the line of those passing buckets, suddenly dart to the burning building, climb up a water spout and rescue a child. The young girl was filled with admiration of the swain, and after her encouragement he later paid court to her. Unfortunately for the lovers, Ten Broek frowned upon the connection, which is not surprising since young Bloer had no place in the family.

Nevertheless Anneke could not be prevailed upon to give up Wouter, and he continued his visits at the house, while Ten Broek's cholera continued to rise, the mercury climbing a thermometer. One evening it was past 9 o'clock and every Dutchman was in bed, when an angry father went into the kitchen where the lovers were sitting hand in hand within the spacious fireplace and exploded his wrath in the face of the suitor. Wouter arose and backed out through an open door that led to the drying room, Ten Broek following and shaking his fist in the youth's face. Since Wouter was moving in a contrary direction to his line of vision he could see nothing behind him. Suddenly his heels caught upon a vat and he went backward into the dye.

When he emerged not only his clothes, but every square inch of his body was as red as the Indians from whom the island of Manna-hatta had been purchased. Ten Broek surveyed him shrugging his shoulders, with an "Ugh," and turning his back, left him. The newly dyed man ran home and, standing under the pump, received enough water to wash off the dye had it not been of the best and clung to him like a new skin.

The poor boy arose the next morning to survey himself in a glass and see that he was hopelessly crimson. He went to a chemist and begged him to try to do something to remove his color. The chemist gave him a bath which were certain drugs; but, alas, when the bathwater emerged his crimson skin had turned violet.

Wouter went home in despair. There he found a note from Anneke appointing a meeting on the bank of the Hudson river for that very evening. Wouter would gladly have started away, but feared his future happiness might depend upon the meeting. The hour was just after sunset. Anneke was waiting.

When Wouter stepped up to her and she saw his violet hue she burst into an uncontrolled fit of laughter. Wouter, incensed, turned on his heel and left her to laugh if she liked till the sounds reached the Jersey shore.

The next morning the unfortunate youth went again to the chemist and begged him to make another trial. The chemist consented, but this time Wouter came out the hue of the grass in the Bowling green. Howling with disappointment, he ran home, and who should he see sitting on the stoop but Anneke.

"Go away," he cried, covering his face.

"Dear Wouter," she said, "I have come to crave your forgiveness for laughing at you."

Wouter, reassured, advanced, at the same time uncovering his face. As soon as Anneke saw his green visage she again burst into a fit of laughter. Wouter pushed past her and up to his room, where he locked himself in, and nothing could induce him to come forth till Anneke had gone away.

The chemist told Wouter that he hoped at last to find some chemical substance that would act upon the dye, changing it to skin color. Wouter gave him another trial and came out a bright orange. Soon after this Anneke met her lover walking between the fort and the junction of the Hudson and East rivers. She was hurrying to him to sue for pardon for her apparent want of sympathy. The afternoon sun struck his orange countenance, and again she failed for laughter.

After this Wouter gave up trying to find anything to change his color and determined to try to wear it away. Taking a boat, he pulled down through the bays till he came to what is now called Conoy Island. There he stripped and rolled and scraped himself in the sand every day for seven weeks, living on berries he found on the mainland and sleeping under his boat turned over on the beach. Day by day, week by week, his skin wore away, to be succeeded by one of a natural color.

When he had scraped away the old skin and a new one had formed, he went back to New Amsterdam. It was the middle of the afternoon, and he appeared upon the Bowling green. One of the first persons he met was Anneke. She approached him with a smile, this time of contrition, and congratulated him upon his recovering his natural color. But, although she made continued attempt to conciliate him, she failed signally. Wouter never renewed his offer for her hand and eventually married a daughter of Petrus Van Schoonervaen, a dealer in furs.

MABEL R. TERNING.

Netherlands Fisheries.
About 100,000 nets are in use during the herring season by the 800 fishing smacks of the Netherlands. A net lasts about three seasons, but owing to loss from storms and other causes between 40,000 and 50,000 new nets are bought yearly.

COAL SENT TO HONOLULU

60,000 Tons For Battle Fleet
Perhaps

OR WARSHIP MAYHAP

100,000 Tons to Be Forwarded to Manila—Chile Will Send Cruiser to Greet Admiral Evans' Squadron.

Washington, Jan. 9.—Sixty thousand tons of coal have been sent to Honolulu by the equipment bureau of the navy department, and by April 1 there are to be one hundred thousand tons at Manila. These shipments have been made in expectation of the possibility of the battleship fleet returning to the Atlantic coast by way of the Asiatic station. If it is not needed for that purpose the coal will be used from time to time by American men of war, as occasion may require.

BRAZIL'S PLANS COMPLETE.

Fleet Will Have a Busy Ten Days in Rio Janeiro.

Rio Janeiro, Jan. 9.—The programme for the entertainment of the officers of the American battleship fleet under Rear Admiral Evans has been practically completed. The fleet is expected on Jan. 11, and will remain here until the 21st. On the eleventh and twelfth the officers of the fleet will visit the minister of marine and the Naval club. On the thirteenth they will be given a breakfast by the minister of marine, Admiral Alencar. The fourteenth the American Ambassador, Irving B. Dudley, will give a banquet at Petropolis, the suburb of this city, where the diplomats reside. On the fifteenth the visiting naval officers will be entertained at breakfast by the president of the republic, Dr. Peenna. A reception and fete at the Crystal Palace at Petropolis will be held on the 16th and on the 19th of January there will be a big banquet in honor of the visitors by the foreign minister, Baron de Rio Branco, in the Monroe pavilion.

Chilean Cruisers to Greet Fleet.

Santiago de Chile, Jan. 9.—The government has decided to send the cruiser Esmeralda to Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan, to receive the American battleship fleet, which is due there on Jan. 31. The Esmeralda will attend the fleet in Chilean waters.

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

There are twenty-one Adventist missionaries in the Chinese empire.

The majority of ministers neither smoke, drink nor go to the theater.

Chicago friends of the Rev. William A. Quayle have started a campaign for his election as a bishop of the Methodist church at the general conference which meets in Baltimore next May.

The supply of clergy in England is not keeping pace with the demand, so far as the Episcopal church is concerned. The ordination lists this year show only an increase of eight in the list of deacons over last year.

The Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, Catholic archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania, and the oldest working prelate in Christendom, has entered on his ninety-third year in good health and spirits.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Wilton Lackaye has begun his tour. "The Alaskan" is to make a road tour.

Daniel Sully has a play called "The Golden Rule."

Louis Masson has joined the company playing "The Hypocrites."

E. H. Sothern has opened in Chicago in his new play by Laurence Irving.

Eugenie Blair is meeting with success in vaudeville in a sketch called "After the Matinee."

Paul Gilmore produced at Long Branch, N. J., his play, "The Wheel of Love," by George V. Hobart. The production was well received.

Julia Marlowe is now in Europe making a journey to the Holy Land. She will return to this country for rehearsals about the middle of November.

Adelaide Kelm is playing in a stock company in Chicago, where she made a big hit last season. She is appearing in the title role of "Barbara Frietche."

TALES OF CITIES.

An ordinance in Indianapolis prohibits the use of searchlights on automobiles.

There is an "escort bureau" in Chicago where a man, dressed for any occasion, may be hired for \$1 an hour as an attendant for anybody or for a party.

One political club in New York city has 387 members in the fire department, 184 in the dock department, 287 in the street cleaning department and 39 affiliated young women who are public school teachers.

The people of Vienna are being reminded by means of circulars and newspaper notices that their city is too noisy and that measures should be adopted toward securing "an atmosphere of tranquillity essential to happiness," as one of the antinote writers put it.

Appetite for Crabs

THE codfish has an enormous appetite for shell-fish, crabs and lobsters. He eats them alive and he eats them raw. He eats them all without indigestion and grows fat. He has a powerful liver.

The oil from the cod's liver makes

Scott's Emulsion

A natural power to digest and to produce flesh is in every spoonful. This power means new vigor and new flesh for those who suffer from wasting diseases.

All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00

JINGLES AND JESTS

How the Quarrel Began.

Young wife (at home)—Hello, dearest. Your husband (at the office)—Hello! Who is it?—Puck.

Disimulation Required.

A physician writes to the London Spectator that he was recently attending a patient whose husband came to see him concerning her condition, and greeted him with the words, "Mr. Irving, do you think there is any need for any unnecessary anxiety about my wife?"—Woman's Home Companion.

A Baddad.

I caddot sign the oide soggs
I sagg so long ago,
Because I have a bad code
By dose is stopped up so,
Dovebber wilds are blowing low
By dose is blowing, too,
I caddot sign the oide soggs
As oide I used to do,
I caddot sign the oide soggs,
Oh! Dab this code. A-a-tee-oh!
—Columbia Jester.

The Lazy Life.

I have sung the song of striving.
Of the struggling of arriving,
Of making of one's self a horse,
Of mounting him and driving.

But now let's cease;
Let's look for peace.

Let's forget the mark of money
Let's forget the love of fame,
Life is for and skies are sunny,
What is worry but a name?
Let's sit down and whiff and whiff;
Let us loaf and laugh a little—

(Here my youngest spoiled the rhyme
By running to me for a dime.)

I have sung the joy of doing,
Of the pleasure of pursuing,
How life is like a woman and our rule
And role is wooing.

But now, oh, let
Us cease to fret.

Let us cease our vain desires;
Water's better than Claret;
What is honor but perspiring?
Wealth's another name for woe,
Let us spread out on the clover,
Just too lazy to lovel over—

(Here my wife brought in the news
That all the children needed shoes.)

I have sung the song of action,
Of the sweet of satisfaction,
Of pounding, pounding, pounding, oppo-
sition to a fraction.

But now let's quit;
Let's rest a bit.

Money only makes us greedy;
Life's success is but a taunt,
He alone is never needy
Who has learned to laugh at want.
Let us loaf and laugh and wallow,
Too much work to even swallow—

(Here's the mail, and hills are curses,
I must try to sell these verses!)

SOAPY.

A soapfish has a soapy skin, whence its name.

The soap nut is the fruit of an East Indian shrub.

A soap crutch is a crocheted stick used for stirring the soft soap in a kettle.

The term "soft soap" for smooth words of flattery has been added to the English language, so that it is used in "Tom Brown at Oxford."

Soap bubbles have formed the innocent amusement of children of all ages with the ease of making them, their fridleness and the brief period for which they last.

A soap lock is a term used in this country in reference to a lock of hair which was formerly worn on the temple and kept smoothly in place by being soaped, and the term has come to mean any lock of hair brushed apart from the rest and kept carefully in its place.

A Russian School Prize.

In a certain class of Russian schools the highest reward given is the initial letter of the emperor's name. It consists of the initial in solid gold an inch and a quarter in height on a blue bow. Should its possessor ever become a governess it will entitle her to a higher salary than she could otherwise obtain.

Dear Coffee.

Louis XIV. of France drank the first cup of coffee made in western Europe. Coffee was then worth 45 lbs. a pound.

Ancient Wines.

The wines of the ancients would not be thought palatable today, for they were mixed with sea water, resin, salt, pitch and aromatic herbs, exposed to smoky garrets till reduced to a sirup, and then strained and mixed with water.

WOMAN SHOT IN OWN DOORWAY

Mary McCarty Killed With Bullet in Her Head

CASE WAS MYSTERIOUS

Michael H. Norton, Tenant of House Owned by Miss McCarty, Held on Suspicion During Investigation—Three Revolvers Found in His Possession.

Boston, Jan. 9.—Shot down in the hallway of the apartment house which she owns at 27 Silsby street, Roxbury, the body of Miss Mary McCarty, 40 years old, was found at 11:45 yesterday by Michael H. Norton, 60, who lives on the third floor of the house, and who, after an investigation of the police, was held on suspicion at station 9.

Norton, according to the police, had been at odds with his landlady for some time. He recently suffered from a severe attack of grip and since that time his neighbors say that he has not acted as usual.

Miss McCarty was seen alive and well at 9 o'clock yesterday by some of her neighbors. No one heard any shots and mystery surrounds the shooting of the woman.

The woman's body was found in the outer vestibule. She was shot in the back of the neck and is believed to have died instantly. She lay in a pool of blood, part of her body leaning against the side of the vestibule.

Three stairs lead from the entrance to the inside vestibule of the block. It is thought by the police that the murderer stood at the head of these stairs and shot the woman as she was either leaving the house or had just come into the hall to be confronted by the murdered woman and had turned to escape.

Miss McCarty lived in a handsomely furnished apartment on the first floor. The second floor is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard. On the third floor lives Mr. Norton with his two sons and two daughters.

Just before Miss McCarty was killed she was on the sidewalk sweeping and a man in the vestibule was heard to say something to her about the open vestibule door.

"I wonder what he wants now," said Miss McCarty, according to Mrs. Keating, who was passing and spoke to her, and a few minutes later, after Miss McCarty had entered the vestibule, two shots were heard.

Norton has been greatly troubled of late over one of his daughters, Theresa, who, less than a week ago, was sent to the Austin farm insane hospital for the hopelessly insane, and when Miss Leonard saw him standing by Miss McCarty's body she declares that he had a peculiar look in his eyes.

Norton is being closely questioned by Captain Joseph Dugan, the police headquarters man expert, and everything that he says is being taken down by a police stenographer.

When he was arrested, Norton insisted that he had no connection with Miss McCarty's death and said: "The people down stairs know more about this affair than I do."

Later he said: "I carried a revolver because I feared yeggen."

"I went upstairs and got the revolver before Miss McCarty was shot, because she and the woman on the second floor told yeggen that I had money."

A revolver with one shot fired from it was among the three found in Norton's possession.

Norton's only son, Frank, is heart-broken over the murder, but late yesterday afternoon would not discuss it with newspaper reporters.

The murdered woman, who was forty-two years old, was a daughter of the late Daniel McCarty, a retired mason, who died three years ago leaving her an estate valued at between \$25,000 and \$30,000. Since then its valuation has increased, and it is now supposed to be worth between \$50,000 and \$75,000.

Miss Catherine Leonard, who lives on the second floor and who was called to the vestibule after the murder by Norton, whom she declares rang her bell and yelled, "Come down here at once," said yesterday afternoon:

"It was shortly after 11 o'clock when my door bell rang violently, and I rushed down stairs, when Norton said to me: 'Come down at once.'"

"I saw Norton standing on the stairs of the vestibule with his hand pointing toward the body of a woman on the floor."

"I rushed to the foot of the stairs and recognized her as Miss McCarty."

"All that Norton said was 'Look at her. Look at her.'"

"He then rushed up stairs and I screamed. Some neighbors came in. I showed what had happened and the police were notified."

"I did not notice that Norton had a revolver. As soon as the neighbors came I went up stairs."

"I noticed that while Norton stood pointing at the body he was very nervous and had a peculiar look in his eyes."

"I can't account for what has happened," said Miss Clara Norton, one of the accused man's daughters, yesterday afternoon.

She is a bookkeeper for P. S. Lenehan, a Dudley street grocer.

"When I left home yesterday morning father was in good spirits," she continued. "He has had a lot of trouble since mother died three years ago, and worried much. He was extremely nervous. I never knew that he had any trouble with Miss McCarty. He always spoke very kindly of her."

"Father has had the three revolvers since a few years ago, when he used to go hunting a great deal."

Mrs. Keating, a neighbor of Miss McCarty, has told the police that she saw Miss McCarty about fifteen minutes before she was killed, on the sidewalk, sweeping.

Miss McCarty spoke to her as she passed and then Mrs. Keating says she heard a man in the vestibule of the McCarty block say something about the opened door.

"I wonder what he wants now," Mrs. Keating says Miss McCarty remarked, and then she walked toward the vestibule.

"I did not see the woman who spoke," Mrs. Keating told a reporter, "but I

Loosen That Cough

before it goes deeper. Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will loosen the phlegm, soothe the irritation and relieve the soreness. The very best remedy for coughs and colds.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar
25c
50c
or
\$1
Sold by All Druggists

Hale's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

very distinctly heard him say something about the door that was opened."

Neighbors of Miss McCarty say that they have frequently heard Norton complain about the door of the vestibule being open, and they declare that he and Miss McCarty had numerous disputes about it.

"I heard the shots fired," said Mrs. Leonard, "and a second after my bell rang violently and Norton told me to hurry down."

"He was very much excited and was standing right alongside the body, which was lying against the door. Blood was pouring from a wound in the head, and I believe that Miss McCarty was dead then. I did not pay any attention to Norton after that, but ran to the house of the policeman next door, and from there word was sent to the police station."

Patrolmen James Ryan and McCullough and reserve officer Gillis were sent from the station to the McCarty home and after the had carried the body from the vestibule and placed it on a bed they hurried upstairs to the tenement of Norton.

To repeated pounding on the door he got no attention, and when the police forced an entrance Norton was shivering, and so excited that he could scarcely speak.

Norton is fifty-eight years old and a painter. His wife is dead and he lived with his three grown children, a son and two daughters.

He kept to himself most of the time when he was not at work, and until he was seen in the vestibule with the body of Miss McCarty it is believed that he was in his tenement on the top floor.

Patrolman William Joyce of the Joy street police station was a brother-in-law of Miss McCarty, and was notified of the murder soon after the finding of the body.

Held Autopsy To-day.

Medical Examiner Stedman, who viewed the body yesterday afternoon says that death was caused by a bullet which entered at the back of the head.

"The revolver was held very close to the head," said the medical examiner, "and the wound could have been self-inflicted."

He has ordered the removal of the body to the city hospital morgue where an autopsy will be held this morning.

1,500 STRAW HATS IN COURT AS "WITNESSES"

It's Up to Them to Prove That They Are Reputable.

Chicago, Jan. 9.—Fifteen hundred straw hats "took the stand" in Judge Blake's court yesterday in an attempt to prove to the judge and jury that they are no good. They were called as witnesses by Albert Moses of Albert Moses & Sons, hat dealers. The firm is being sued for \$3,100 by the Central Hat company, who sold the hats to the Moses firm, and claim that they never received payment for them.

Moses acknowledges that the company never received the money, but maintains that they do not deserve it, for the hats which they delivered to him were out of date, bent, stained, faded, shopporn and unsalable. The judge and jury must look carefully at each one of them.

Russia.

The baby czarowitz is commander of the fierce Cosacks. And he is just about as much of a commander as his papa is an emperor.—Baltimore Sun.

The St. Petersburg police have nipped in the bud another plot to assassinate the czar, thus insuring themselves the trouble of nipping another one.—Louisville Times.

Russia is going to stake out a new deep sea harbor for herself on the Arctic ocean. After mature consideration she has looked at on the Pacific do not seem adapted to her needs.—Indianapolis Star.

Town Topics.

Bigger, brighter, better Baltimore bustles bids for business.—Baltimore Sun.

It is not likely that Chicago will ever have an old home week. People do not leave this city. They come here and remain.—Chicago Record-Herald.

No city in the world has so many nearby pleasure places as New York city, and no city presents so many discomforts in getting to them.—New York Herald.

Spanish Hands.

Russians have long but beautifully shaped hands, while those of Spaniards are often spoiled by the thickness of the fingers, which are apt to round at the tips.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

Dr. T. Felix Goursaud's Oriental Cream or Masque is a beautifier.

Honors: The Pagan, Venetian, Mark Twain, and other beauties, and the Oriental Cream or Masque is a beautifier.

It is a beautifier, and the Oriental Cream or Masque is a beautifier.

It is a beautifier, and the Oriental Cream or Masque is a beautifier.

It is a beautifier, and the Oriental Cream or Masque is a beautifier.

It is a beautifier, and the Oriental Cream or Masque is a beautifier.

It is a beautifier, and the Oriental Cream or Masque is a beautifier.

It is a beautifier, and the Oriental Cream or Masque is a beautifier.

It is a beautifier, and the Oriental Cream or Masque is a beautifier.

It is a beautifier, and the Oriental Cream or Masque is a beautifier.

His White Hair.

(Original.)
After leaving school I studied law and went to Colorado to practice. I knew enough of "famine" and law to inspire confidence in a mining people and was eventually elected judge. My principal duties were to settle such disputes as were not settled by the revolver.

One morning a man was brought before me on a charge of attempted murder. He was a trim built fellow of twenty-five, of refined appearance, and what surprised me beyond measure was that his hair was white as snow. There were three witnesses against him—a miner, Tom Mason, and his two assistants, Pete Galloway and Steve Tucker. Mason was a plitful sight to behold. His left arm was in a sling. His right leg, in a splint, was supported by a crutch. A bandage covered an eye. Whatever of his face was not covered with patches was of many hues. The condition of his two assistants was not much better.

The prisoner gave his name as Albert Parkinson. After hearing a statement from his accusers I called upon him for his story.

"Judge," he said, "I'm a mining engineer. I spent four years at college in the scientific department, then went to Germany to study my profession. From there I returned last month and came out here to get some practical experience. This man Mason accepted an offer from me to work in the shaft where he is drilling and blasting without pay, and the day before yesterday I went down with him, watched him drill, put in his charge of dynamite and light the fuse. Then we were hauled up in the bucket by these two men, got as far from the hole as possible and waited for the explosion."

"After learning the process of setting the blast yesterday I offered to set and fire it myself. Mason consented, and when the hole was drilled he came up, gave me the charge, and I went down in the bucket. As soon as I had lighted the fuse I called out to be drawn up. The windlass creaked, and I felt myself rising. When I was hauled halfway something above seemed to be caught, and everything stood stock still. Mason called down in a frightened voice that the windlass had broken, and he must go some distance to get a man to come and repair it. I called to him to pull me up by hand, but there was no response. I could hear him and one of his men discussing in loud voices what it was best to do."

"There I was, midway between the surface and the bottom, with the fuse sputtering below. I started to climb up hand over hand, but one of the men who had been left behind let me down as fast as I climbed up. I got back to the bucket exhausted and concluded to drop and put out the fuse. The man looking from above drew me up far enough to make my drop certain death. I looked over at the fuse and saw that it was within an inch of the charge. I shut my eyes and waited to be blown into the air."

"I faintly, and when I came to was lying on the ground beside the windlass. Mason and his two men were standing over me laughing."